GET DEXTER II

ATARI ST,
AMSTRAD CPC DISK
& AMSTRAD CPC CASSETTE

ERE

INTERNATIONAL

DISTRIBUTED BY INFOGRAMES UK

GET DEXTER II

"Where did I put that accursed module?" Professor Czara shouted at no one in particular, waving a sheaf of papers.

In a sudden access of zeal, he dropped his documents (all important) in random order, then stepped back the better to judge the result.

His office was awash with papers, electronic note pads and computer modules. The final touch he had just added seemed to satisfy him. He looked up defiantly at Maiïta. The secretary robot rolled forward to give its verdict.

"My tidy-away functions have been disconnected." Duty done, the robot rolled contentedly back to the corner that had been its home since its first hour of functioning.

"Disconnected ... Hmmp ... Let's say the circuits have blown," corrected the professor.

"Shoddy things, these robots," he added, rather unfairly since he knew he'd gone a little too far with the principles of tidying away when he'd acquired the robot.

Bombarded by contradictory instruction, Maïta had spent half a day trying to put two or three documents in the right places. A cloud of white smoke and the acrid smell of burning circuits had put a stop to the kamikaze mission.

Professor Czara may not be a specialist in putting things away but he's an expert in finding his way through the incredible mess cluttering all his shelves and drawers. Normally, that is. For the moment he had a problem. The high authorities of his planet, Xul 3, the Council of the Wise, had summoned him to summarize the abilities of his brainchild, the android Dexter. He simply had to lay his hands on the missing module, a pre-recording of his summary.

Clean out of ideas, he grabbed the nearest electronic note-pad and flung it at a pile of precariously balanced books. The projectile's somewhat deviant trajectory led straight into the wall. With a muffled scrunch, the universally appreciated tool

exploded, scattering its insides on the carpet below.

A clean-up robot immediately shot into the room. Not more than 20 centimetres tall, it was quite covered in revolving flashing lights. It also had something of a fire-engine look about it, or a Christmas tree. Only smaller. It screeched to a halt and identified immediately the scene of the accident. Professor Czara's approving gaze followed the newcomer whose efficiency contrasted so satisfyingly with the muddle of his office. He went and stood at a point somewhere along the clean-up robot's path. When the little machine arrived before his feet, he stuck out his right leg and kicked it several metres away from its ideal trajectory. After rolling over a few times, the robot got back on its wheels and, screeching like a cracked saucepan, shot back to its little entrance, bumping wildly into furniture on the way.

Professor Czara grinned.

"I've been itching to do that for ages," he explained to Maïta. Perhaps he was trying to gain the secretary robot's forgiveness.

"It's always profitable to give expressions to one's repressed desires," the robot replied smugly.

"Mm! 12,000 kronos (¹) just to hear second-hand psychology," grumbled the professor.

He went over to the bay window and stood contemplating the near perfect row of chlorotaceans in the park. It was no use, he would have to improvise his speech the next day.

"Maïta, what time's my appointment with the council tomorrow?"

"10 o'clock."

He promised himself he would think about it in the evening. He couldn't have known that events wouldn't leave him the time to.

(¹) Kronos: XUL 3 monetary unit.

After an uneventful afternoon, Czara settled into his autobubble. As usual, he was going back to his home about a hundred kms away. He drove manually to the nearest zone door.

The dashboard's message screen lit up in red letters: "You are entering an automatic traffic zone. Please enter destination coordinates."

Czara punched the "Home" button and slipped his seat into "Relax". The traffic must have been light, because the autobubble started moving after only a few seconds. It very quickly reached its normal speed, almost 300 Kph.

Just as he was about to opaque the windows, his attention was caught by a small red light at the very end of the dashboard.

"What the devil's that?," he asked aloud.

The light was on a small unmarked box. He remembered that his friend Nitti has installed it a few months previously. Now what did it do exactly? Czara couldn't remember. While the autobubble whizzed through the suburbs of Xul 3's biggest city, Czara picked up the holophone and keyed in his friend's number.

Nitti was undoubtedly Xul 3's top inter-computer communications expert. No one could touch him when it came to penertrating the most highly guarded systems. He could slip in anywhere.

Nitti's hologram came on.

"Hi Doc'"

Nitti had called Czara "Doc" from the day he'd told him about a foolproof method for treating trunks.

"Hi Nitti! Say, what's the little box you installed for exactly?"

"Uh, it's a kind of intruder detector I cooked up," smiled Nitti proudly.

"And what happens when the red light comes on?"

"What?"

Nitti's smile gave way to incredulity. He paused.

"It means someone's put a parasite program in the autobubble traffic-control system. And he can follow your movements."

"You sure?"

"Listen! Don't do anything. I'll check and call you back."

Nitti, quite excited, cut off. Czara watched the passing scenery blindly. This was a new situation for him.

"Bah," he exclaimed, "maybe Nitti's wrong."

But that wasn't like Nitti, and he knew it.

Czara and Nitti descended from the same planet. Descended only, because it was their great great grandparents who had together left Mila for Xul 3. No contact had since been possible with Mila: the planet had been declared "R Class", a rare procedure. When an exploring mission discovers a new planet with intelligent life forms, the local leaders are offered a choice between a technological leap forward with commercial ties to other civilizations, or to be left alone to get on with their own evolution.

If the planet chooses the latter solution, any inhabitants who so wish can leave. Then a magnetic force-field is set up, protecting that portion of space from any intruders. Mila had chosen isolation, but Nitti and Czara's ancestors had left for Xul 3. Since discovering their mutual origin, Czara and Nitti had become friends. Physically, they resembled each other. The principal difference between them and man was the 20 cm long trunk just below their eyes.

The autobubble sped into the plains zone just as the holophone buzzed. Nitti came on, beside himself.

"Doc, it's unbelievable! Someone's been following your movements for the last eleven days. Tell me, your detector hasn't been working recently?"

"Uh, no. Frankly, I'd forgotten all about it. I must have switched it on accidentally this evening."

Then the professor asked, "Can you find out where the information lands up?"

"That's always the 64,000 kronos problem, Doc. The destination computer's ID number is a fake. The guy has figured everything."

Czara, in a last attempt to deny reality, mumbled, "Isn't the traffic-control system impossible to parasite?"

Nitti smiled.

"Officially, sure. In fact, no. The system works through information exchange from the autobubble to a computer network. At any one moment, the network contains all the information on all the autobubbles travelling in its sector. You just have to insert a 'leech' program to get the information. Now, ..."

"Very well," interrupted Czara, "but those network programs are regularly checked."

"Sure, but it's an automatic check. You just have to use a 'cell' parasite. A very small program whose presence is constantly checked by other 'cells' hidden around the computer's memory. Destroy the 'body' and there's always a cell to reconstitute it. Just about invulnerable. As well as that, the parasite can move around."

"It seems so simple!"

"Seems. In fact it's very complicated even if the principle is easy to understand. One thing's clear: someone's spying on you. I'll bet the robots you use at the centre are also parasited. Know anyone who might do that to you?"

"Um, no. I really can't ..."

"Come on!" exploded Nitti, "You're Xul 3's number one android

expert and you can't imagine who'd want to spy on you! I can think of dozens!"

"It's because of Dexter, you think!"

The professor became pensive.

"A module has disappeared from the centre: it contains a speech giving Dexter's abilities and technical specifications. There may be a link."

Nitti burst out laughing.

"Have you seen what your office is like? You'll soon need pot-holing gear to get in there!"

"I'm quite at home there," protested Czara.

"Joking aside," said Nitti seriously, "I don't think there's a link. Someone would've had to go in to steal it. That's too dangerous, especially when he can just pump info from your robots from a distance."

Nitti broke off to look at something outside the hologram field.

"OK, I'll see what's going on. Call me if anything seems unusual. My holophone's rigged with a scrambler I invented. I'll call you as soon as something turns up. OK?"

"All right."

The hologram blinked out, leaving Czara alone inside his autobubble. Already he could see the hills where he had his home. He lowered the back of his seat to catch a few seconds rest.

"So. Someone wants to copy Dexter. That's ridiculous : robots can be copied, not androids."

Czara retraced the various stages of his research. Fourteen years. Fourteen years of study and experiments to create the first universal android. Of course, robots had been around for centuries, and specialized androids for a while. But Dexter was something else entirely : in fact he could deal with almost any situation just as well as an intelligent being.

And now Dexter had become a national hero. Three years before, he'd been sent to Earth with a weird little animal, Scooter the podocephalus, who had since become his mascot. His job had been to find and take the central memories of the computers

which controlled Xul's energy supplies from afar. The operation had been necessary because the risk of nuclear war on Earth had never been so great. The mission also meant independence for Xul 3. The anniversary of Dexter's return had since been declared a planetary holiday. For the moment, Dexter and Scooter were living in Czara's second home.

The next morning, Nitti still hadn't called back, for the simple reason that he had nothing new to tell Czara. The evening before, he'd artificially placed a piece of information in one of the traffic-control computers. All night, six of his machines had followed that information in its considerable travels.

The anomalies should have shown up on the first screen, but it stayed desperately empty. Nothing unusual. Just the usual exchanges. Nitti sat playing absently with his chocolate-flavoured Tomatine sandwich, and watching the cursor change

endlessly from blue to green to blue.

The next screen, however, was full : it was listing the ID numbers of the computers that had picked up on his booby-trap information. A new line had just come up.

"And one more," he murmured to himself. One more that would go about its routine tasks of arranging, selecting, comparing and making statistics. The usual. And yet Nitti couldn't shake off a nagging suspicion that something fishy was going on. What on Xul could it be?

The answer came to him in a flash : the very same number was already printed, higher up on the screen. Why did that particular machine need to collect the same information twice?

He launched his group of consoles into the informational outflow, and hundreds of little bits of program dispersed themselves inside the receiving computer's memory. That's a favourite Nitti technique; most of them survive for only a time fraction of a second, wiped out in the flux. Some survive.

The technique was working normally : he was inside the intruder. The real identifier flashed onscreen. This one wasn't an ordinary number. Nitti waited for the owner's name to show up; his program was busy tracking it down through the host computer's enormous memory banks.

Suddenly, he almost choked on the tomatine in his trunk: console 6 was bleeping frantically. He'd been detected! "They" were trying to identify *him*!

Chaff was automatically released to keep him hidden. Without effect. On the contrary, the alarm tone had risen. "Zkjchtwok (2) This protection is incredible!"

Nitti's eyes swept across his screens. Number 6 was still screeching, 5 had cut out automatically and 4 was printing up unintelligible signs at unbelievable speed. A complete dog's dinner. Number 3 ... yes, number 3, which was supposed to be giving him the name and coordinates of whoever was spying on professor Czara, was horribly empty.

(2) Milanian swearword. Impossible to translate.

Nitti wanted that name. Quitting this close to the answer was out of the question! He had to throw all he had left into protecting number 3. He framed it with a warning program from the second console. This would tell him when it was time to get out of there if he didn't want "them" to find out who he was.

But "they" were too fast. His warner had already been broken through. Nitti worked frantically to escape from the intruder, covering his tracks as fast as he could. Finally, he tore the oval connector from the socket linking it to the outside world. There wasn't much point, he knew. But it was somehow reassuring. He was sweating. Just before beating his hasty retreat he'd noticed a name flash for one second on number 3's screen: "Maraz Enterprises." An innocent-looking name, but Nitti knew better.

He knew it was one of the many fronts used by the D.G.I.R., Xul 3's powerful counter-espionnage service.

Professor Czara was ushered into the vast chamber used by the Council of the Wise. Practically all civilizations present on Xul 3 were represented here. In this room decisions of the greatest importance were taken.

Once an Earth colony, Xul 3 had become a mix of many very different civilizations. This melting pot had given the planet its strength and its considerable advance in a number of sectors.

"I have asked Professor Czara to be with us today because I'm convinced that Dexter will have a role to play in the solution of our current problem."

Czara turned his gaze toward the speaker. The Chairman, of humanoid type, was on his feet. He went on:

"I am of course referring to the situation on the planet Kef. I take it that we are all aware of the problem ...?"

Throats were guiltily cleared and chairs scraped, interrupting the speaker, who glared at the unruly assembly.

"Harumph ... Quite so. Mr Wystraniak, would you care to summarize briefly?"

The person known as Wystraniak got up. He was a giant, more than two metres in height, and with a lizardish face. He cleared his

throat; the sound was rather like thunder and frightened the wits out of those nearest him. It also brought immediate calm to the assembly. He breathed deeply and began:

"Kef is the second planet in the Betelgeuse system. Two races inhabit it: the Stiffiens and the Swappis. The Stiffiens have always held power. They are organized, methodical and disciplined. The Swappis are just the opposite : they are discreet, little given to order and spend most of their time at their favourite activity, bartering. They have never risen to positions of power and probably wouldn't want to."

The giant orator paused to mark the end of this preamble.

"About a year ago, Kef suffered a number of natural cataclysms which were, oddly enough, simultaneous. Shortly thereafter, our observers reported the growing influence of a certain Stiffien sect. The constant and considerable increase in the number of adepts forces us to speak of a genuine religious revival among the Stiffiens. What, you may well ask, is their doctrine? It can be summed up in two or three words: *the cult of Antines.*"

A member of the Council, with a very small head and three globular eyes, leaned towards his neighbour.

"What is Antines when it's at home?"

And, since one half of the assembly was getting restless, the other half did the same.

Professor Czara had already heard of the enigma of the "Antines Construction."

The speaker continued, having to raise his voice above the tumult:

"Antines is a mysterious construction built inside a high mountain on Kef. No one has yet managed to penetrate the construction far enough to uncover the secret."

The extraordinariness of what had just been said made one poor Trats jump in his sleep. He slid from his chair and hit the floor with a rather loud bump. Sixty three heads turned to stare at the Trats, who sleepily hauled himself back onto his chair, and having muttered darkly in his mother tongue, got back to the serious

business of snoozing. Trats have a leading edge in snooze technology.

Wystraniak, ignoring the interruption went on:

"Nobody has succeeded because the interior is full of booby-traps of all kinds and robots whose job it is to keep intruders out. What is more, the radiation after the second chamber is quite deadly to living beings. Sending in a machine is also out of the question, since they appear to go out of control very quickly."

Professor Czara knew all this. Some years before, he'd made a study of "paranormal" phenomena, and of all the cases he'd encountered, Antines was one of the strangest. A voice spoke up from the back of the hall:

"But the robots protecting Antines must have been put there by someone!"

The Chairman took this opportunity to intervene:

"Let us not forget that all the expeditions have so far been under strict Stiffien control. The radiation exists, there is no doubt of that. For the rest we can only rely on the official version of the facts. Many scientists have spoken openly of trickery."

A Sramian stood up and piped in a shrill voice:

"Trickery or not, I don't see what business it is of ours. Kef is not a member of our Confederation. We have no reason to interefere in their internal affairs."

The interrupter sat down in the way of all Sramians: kneeling back on his heels, resembling a bird on a perch or perhaps a mad programmer in front of his keyboard. The Chairman half smiled:

"You are quite right, and yet I suggest we intervene for at least three reasons."

Satisfied that he had his audience hooked, he continued:

"The first is that a number of indications point to a religious revival deliberately provoked in order to fanaticize the population, thus triggering a war with the neighbouring planets; and those planets are members of the Confederation. The second reason is that the Swappis are incapable of action; they have asked us to help."

"That's well and good," said one member getting to his feet, "but it's not a sufficient reason for our intervening."

"Let me ... " The Chairman's sentence fizzled out as he saw the other go to sit down and suddenly disappear instead! After a few seconds, the Chairman noticed the triangular head reappear from beneath a table and he understood what had happened: the triangular-headed speaker's neighbour, an Eniac, had quietly pulled his colleague's chair away while he was on his feet speaking. Eniacs love practical jokes. The Chairman waited until the prank's victim had finished pouring a jug of water over the Eniac's bald head before restarting:

"Let me tell you the third and, in my opinion, most important reason: our services have recently detected the presence of two small computer groups on Xul 3, working for the Stiffiens. by parasiting a number of our machines, they've been calculating our probable response in the event of an attack, and more precisely, how we would use Dexter."

A murmur of astonishment washed through the great hall.

"We don't know whether their intention has been to steal Dexter or simply to study him. We do know, however, that Professor Czara has been the object of Stiffien espionnage for some time. We have proof of this."

"That explains what Nitti discovered yesterday," thought Czara.

The Chairman went on:

"I therefore propose we send Dexter to Kef to uncover the secret of the "Construction of Antibes." That will put a stop to the wave of fanaticism on that planet. Professor Czara, Dexter's "creator", will now explain Dexter's principal abilities, abilities which should allow him to succeed where all others have failed."

Czara stood up, took a deep breath, and began.
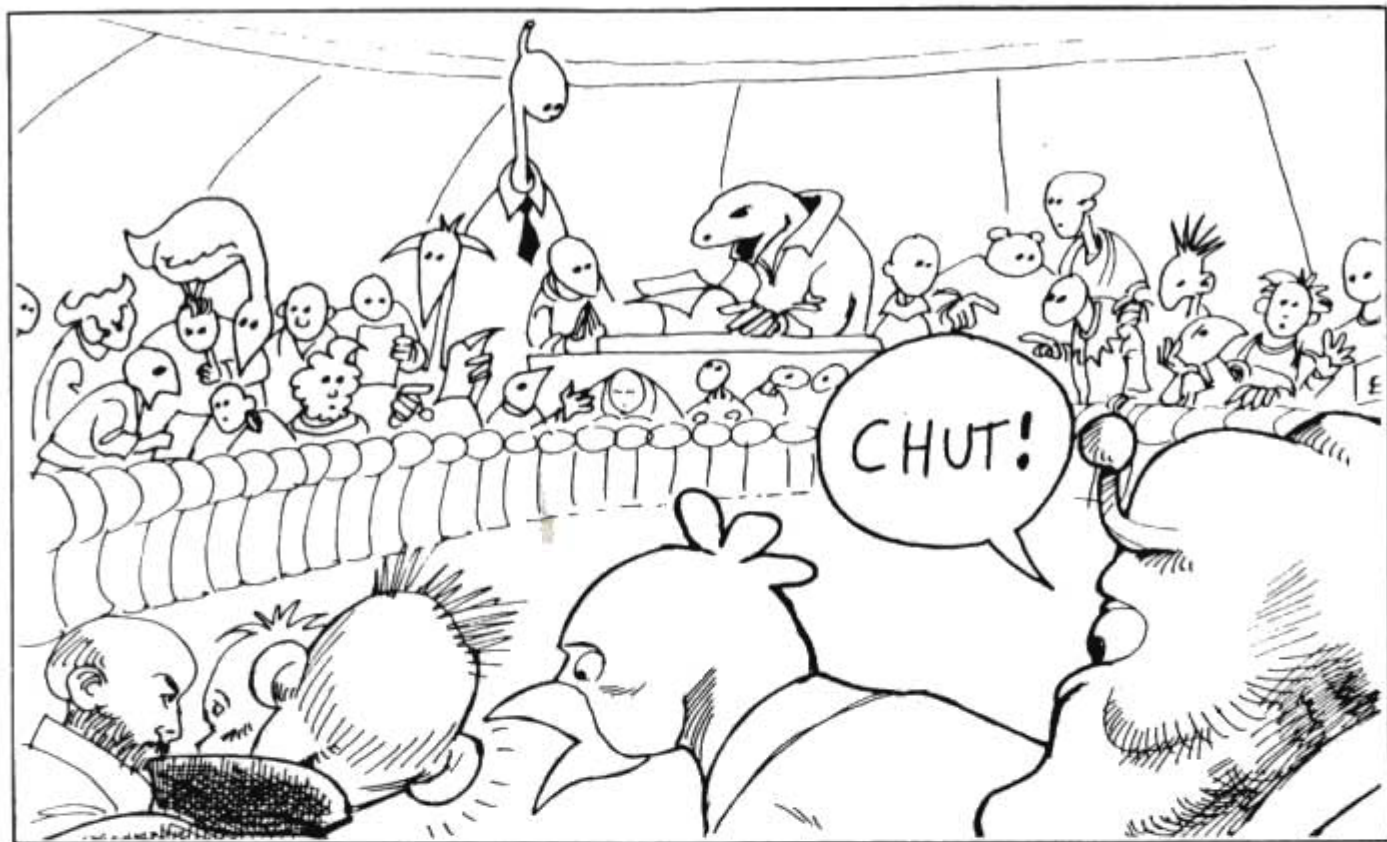
An hour later he was in the almost empty entrance next to the debating hall where the members were still discussing the issue. Czara stepped into a holophone booth and called his friend.

Nitti appeared, as excited as ever.

"Hi, Doc. You'll never guess what I found!"

"As a matter of fact, I ..."

"Just wait till I tell you! This morning, when I was hunting down whoever it is who's spying on you, I got tangled up with Counter-Espionnage."

"... Urgh."

"I got out fast, I can tell you., Those savages would've fried my machines! I thought they were the ones who've been tailing you for two weeks."

"Ouch!"

"But I went back, by another route. I realized they were screening a hire machine. They'd found the intruder long before I had! So, I dropped the case since they were dealing with it."

Czara didn't want to spoil his friend's excitement by telling him

he already knew about the Stiffien spying.

"Nitti, you're just as fast as ever. Come over for a meal at my place; my robot-chef has invented a new recipe. It's based on ... no, it'll be a surprise!"

After hanging up, Czara didn't wait for the Council's decision. He preferred to go and get things ready for Dexter's second important mission. When he got back to the centre, Maïta, his secretary robot, came up to him and announced in clear and suave tones:

"Professor, I have recovered the module you were looking for yesterday. It had slipped behind ..."

"So," broke in Czara, "it took you all night to find it? That's not what I call quick service."

The robot stopped. Complete silence. To the accompaniment of a buzzing electric motor, it produced from its entrails an old-fashioned keyboard, and a screen. A message on the screen said: "Enter your instruction = ."

"Oh, no! Look, I really didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

Czara knew this was the robot's way of sulking. He'd have to type his instructions on the terribly impractical keyboard, and the robot would insist on minimum vocabulary, as laid down by Union guidelines: perhaps forty words at the most. He would have to type in "Open door" or "Take key" to make himself understood.

In a last effort at reconciliation, he painfully typed: "I am sorry."

"I don't understand SORRY," was printed onto the screen after a number of seconds. "Enter your instruction = ."

"Okay, be miserable! That won't stop me from working. Now the first thing to do is to call up Dexter."

And this is how the keyboard/screen dialogue went on:
Call Dexter
I don't understand CALL
Holophone Dexter
I don't understand HOLOPHONE

"Very well, I'll call him myself," sighed Czara, picking up the holophone."

Two hours later, the professor's door seemed to collapse as Dexter burst in, followed closely by a lively and debonair Scooter.

"Hi everybody!" exclaimed Dexter heartily. Noticing the secretary robot, he gave it a mighty slap on the back.

"How's it going, Maïta?"

The robot shot forward at least a metre under the force of Dexter's friendly tap, but said not a word. Sad to see the robot wasn't in its usual giggling mood, he said:

"Trouble with the boss again, eh? Let me see if I can't fix things up."

Dexter quickly typed the word "North" on the robot's keyboard. The robot suddenly turned around and trundled at top speed, bang into the wall! Dexter doubled up with laughter.

Maïta's voice came back instantly:

"Think you're funny, eh, dummy?"

The secretary robot put away its keyboard and screen, and set about revarnishing its front with a spray-can produced from somewhere inside itself.

The professor explained the situation on Kef to Dexter, and told him of the decision which had just been made to send him there.

"You'll have to land on this plateau on the side of the mountain. There are a number of houses. The entry to Antines is guarded night and day by Stiffiens who, of course, don't know about your mission. The only solution is to gain the Swappis' trust. They'll be able to get you in discreetly."

"How can I get them to trust me?"

"Well, you see, Swappis always have their wishes printed on signs in their houses, so that everyone who comes in can see. Be careful though: there are some actions they completely disapprove of. So you could find their trust in you disappearing! One thing you can do is swap things with them; they love bartering."

"And what about the Stiffiens?"

"The best thing would be to avoid them altogether, but that's probably impossible. And, who knows, if you visit them, you might

find some interesting things! Swappis hate Stiffien weapons, so remember that if you decide to use one."

"What exactly am I supposed to do once I'm inside Antines?"

"Er .. We're not too sure. One thing is certain, however: the key to the mystery is inside the Construction. I imagine you'll be able to find various pieces of equipment in there, left behind by previous expeditions. There should be enough to stock a Do-It-Yourself shop!"

Turning to look at the polocephalus, the professor added:

"How's Scooter, by the way?"

"I've been teaching him to fetch things. He's not doing too badly."

Both of them watched Scooter. He was flicking through an animated magazine showing female polocephali in immodest poses. He was gesticulating wildly and banging on the wall.

"He worries me sometimes," sighed Dexter.

Czara looked at the time and said:

"The Council should give us your departure time any minute now. Let's go and see."

They left the office and walked as far as a massive and important-looking door which Czara opened after much complicated twiddling. They entered an almost empty room. A lone console stood in the middle of the floor.

After several minutes, the message came up in large letters on the screen:

"Departure Time Dexter tomorrow 11 hours."

This message will self-destruct in 30 seconds."

Dexter pointed a finger at the screen.

"What does the last bit mean? Is the console going to blow up or something?"

Czara smiled. "No, it's just an old joke. There's always someone who can't resist adding it on to any supposedly secret message! Let's go and do those final tests on your ship."

They started walking to the door.

"About those nozzles: as long as they're cold, you ...'

A shattering explosion prevented Czara from finishing his sentence. They turned round to see a gaping hole in the floor at the spot where the console had been. Twisted bits of debris covered the floor.

Dexter turned towards the professor who was contemplating the scene, his trunk thrown untidily about his neck.

"Old joke, eh?"

Rémi HERBULOT

GET DEXTER - INSTRUCTIONS

Planet Xul-3 has won its independence from Earth, thanks to the success of Dexter's first mission. Ultra-Android Dexter and his trusty podocephalus, Scooter, have been designated for a new and highly important mission on the planet Kef.

Kef is inhabited by two races:
- Stiffiens. These organized and disciplined beings hold power on Kef.
- Swappis. Little given to order, the not very rich Swappis like to spend their time swapping things.

Following a series of natural disasters, a new religious sect has sprung up on Kef. All its adepts are Stiffiens. "Antines is the dwelling-place of the Gods", they claim.

Antines is the mysterious construction built in the side of a mountain. Who built it? How old is it? Nobody knows its secret. No one has managed to penetrate it. From a simple myth, Antines has become the centre of a Stiffien religious revival, strongly tainted with xenophobia and a hatred of new technologies. The Swappis are the first victims of this new fanaticism.

Dexter has been sent to Kef to shed light on the Antines mystery. He'll need the Swappis' help to slip into the mountain complex, so he'll have to start by gaining their trust. This is done by granting their wishes. The wishes are posted clearly in the Swappis' houses.

A sign on the wall of each of the Swappis three houses indicates the occupants wish. In other places, the signs provide clues.

These three wishes are tests which Dexter must pass if he hopes completely to win the Swappis trust. They can be completed in any order. Be careful not to lose what trust you may have won by doing something thoughtless.

When maximum trust has been won, the Swappis will open up a secret passage in the cave-system, leading to the first room of Antines. Dexter will then have to discover the truth about the construction.

Scooter: when calling the podocephalus you can ask him to fetch an object : when the bubble appears, use the joystick or the arrow keys to list all the available objects. Press the fire button or Return to confirm your choice. Any other key will cancel.

Available objects are those placed at a certain distance from Dexter: they can even be off-screen.

* Swapping: Swappis spend most of their time swapping things. If Dexter has an object on him and touches a Swappi, the Swappi will offer something in exchange by means of a bubble. Press the Fire button or Return to accept the deal, or any other key to refuse.

* Energy: Dexter can re-energize at an electricity source. Inside Antines, there is also a way to recharge.

* Game Keys:

Move   : Joystick or Arrow Keys
Jump   : Fire or Copy
Take   : Space Bar
Drop   : D
Throw   : T
Pull   : P
Call Scooter : R
Laser   : Return (if laser pistol in pocket)
Pause   : DEL
Quit   : ESC

A before-play option lets you choose move mode:
- directional
- non-directional

AMSTRAD VERSION:
The complete 128K version of GET DEXTER 2 runs on 464 (with disk-drive), 664 and 6128 configurations. Best use of available memory is made (Vortex extensions also recognized). A smaller cassette version is also available.

ATARI VERSION: The game keys are indicated on the options panel.

LOADING INSTRUCTIONS

ATARI ST

MAKE SURE YOUR COMPUTER IS CONNECTED PROPERLY.
INSERT THE GAME DISK IN YOUR DISK DRIVE.
SWITCH ON YOUR COMPUTER AND THE PROGRAM WILL
LOAD AUTOMATICALLY.

AMSTRAD CPC TAPE

MAKE SURE YOUR COMPUTER IS CONNECTED PROPERLY.
SWITCH ON YOUR COMPUTER.
ON SIDE ONE OF THE TAPE YOU WILL FIND 'GET DEXTER 2',
WHILE ON SIDE TWO YOU WILL FIND 'GET DEXTER 1'.
CHOOSE WHICH SIDE YOU WANT TO PLAY.
INSERT THE TAPE THE RIGHT WAY ROUND INTO THE TAPE
RECORDER.
ON AMSTRAD CPC 664 & 6128, TYPE: TAPE AND PRESS
RETURN.
THEN, ALSO FOR AMSTRAD CPC 464, PRESS CTRL & ENTER
SIMULTANEOUSLY AND PRESS PLAY ON THE TAPE
RECORDER.

AMSTRAD CPC DISK

MAKE SURE YOUR COMPUTER IS CONNECTED PROPERLY.
SWITCH ON YOUR COMPUTER.
ON SIDE ONE OF THE DISK YOU WILL FIND 'GET DEXTER 2',
WHILE ON SIDE TWO YOU WILL FIND 'GET DEXTER 1'.
CHOOSE WHICH SIDE YOU WANT TO PLAY.
INSERT YOUR DISK IN THE DRIVE.
TYPE RUN"DEXTER AND PRESS RETURN.
THE PROGRAM WILL LOAD AUTOMATICALLY.

GET DEXTER 1

UNFORTUNATELY, WE COULD ONLY INCLUDE GET DEXTER
1 ON THE AMSTRAD VERSIONS OF THE PROGRAM. SORRY,
ATARI OWNERS.

AIM OF THE GAME

You have to find the Chamber of Zarxas, the galactic central computer and discover the means of access: an eight figure code.

Each figure is known by a scientist and you should question each one using one of the objects in the research centre. The same objects, used carefully, will destroy or force the retreat of many of the research centre guards.

Well trained Xunk will help you on your mission.

COMMANDS

To gain energy, connect yourself to a holophonic cabin.
To pick up an object, press the space bar.
To drop an object, press D.
To pull something, press P.
To recall podolephale, press R.

MOVEMENTS

Movements can be controlled by the joystick or cursor keys.
To jump, press fire button or copy key.
To start the game, press the fire button or space bar.